

# The Holmes County Farmer.

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## Poetry.

Where There's a Will, There's a Way.

BY JOHN G. BARK.

It was a noble Roman,  
In Rome's imperial day,  
Who heard a coward croak:  
Before the battle, say—  
"They're safe in such a fortress;  
There is no way to shake it."  
"Out on it!" exclaimed the hero,  
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is Fame your aspiration?  
Her path is steep and high;  
In vain she seeks the temple,  
Content to gaze and sigh;  
The shining throne is waiting,  
But he alone can take it,  
Who says, with Roman firmness,  
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is Learning your ambition?  
There is no royal road,  
Alike the poor and peasant  
Must climb to her abode;  
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,  
In Helicon may find it,  
If he still has the Roman will  
To find a way, or make it!

Are Riches worth the getting?  
They must be bravely sought;  
With wishing and with fretting,  
The boon cannot be bought;  
To all the prize is open,  
But only he can take it,  
Who says, with Roman courage,  
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

In Life's impassioned warfare,  
The tale has ever been  
That victory crowned the valiant;  
The brave are they who win;  
Though strong in Beauty's castle,  
A lover still may take it,  
Who says with Roman daring,  
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

## Interesting Story.

A TRAGIC REMINISCENCE.

BY ELLIS AMMONETTE.

At the close of the Creek War, when the treaty of peace threw open Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi to emigrants, the tide that set in from the other States was, considering the difficulties to be overcome, and the dangers to be encountered from a still half hostile foe, most astonishingly great.

These emigrants, like all who pioneer the way to new States, were a motley crew. Occasionally there might be found a man of good family with numerous slaves, who, lured by the fertility of the virgin soil, transported his household goods to these great wilds, but more frequently the farming community it was the humble possessors of one or two negroes, or the brown athletes, who wandered the fields they tilled with the sweat from their own brows, who took the road for "Georgia, Alabama, or the Mississippi."

Those, however, were unfortunately not the preponderant element among the incoming settlers. That numerous class who come under the comprehensive head of "adventurers" composed the majority. Refugees from the sentence of the law, men banned from social intercourse, speculators, gamblers, cut-throats and villains of every variety, were the most numerous inhabitants of the villages which sprang up wherever Land-offices and Indian agencies were established by the Government.

Of all the localities to which they thronged, nowhere did they muster in larger force than in the northern counties of the now flourishing State of Mississippi.

As a matter of course, among such an assemblage of Ishmaelites, bloody duels, street fights and murders were of daily occurrence, and in the tangled web of their intercourse, tragedies, were frequently enacted more wholesale in their destruction of human life than any ever put on histrionic boards.

I was then a young M. D., who following the adventurous bent of my nature, had wandered thus far from civilization, and finally located in a village in the fertile valley of the Yallahusba then a "boundless continuity of shade," but now a far spreading series of magnificent plantations, familiar with the rush of the iron-horse, and made a neighbor even to this great metropolis by the mystic current of the telegraph wire.

Here occurrences came under my observation, some so appalling, and some so thrilling, that they have never been erased from the tables of memory.

After having been there a sufficient length of time to become familiar with the general reputation and position, both social and political, of every one in the place, I found that the person of most popularity was a man by the name of Percival. Strange as it may seem at the first glance, the man who swayed and controlled almost with autocratic power this turbulent settlement, was a slight, pale, and physically weak, though the fact is not without numerous precedents in cases where tact, intelligence, unscrupulous conscience, and a courage that never quailed before man or devil, has been found combined in one person.

Why such an individual had ever made his way to such a place, it was puzzling to surmise. Dress, manners, conversation and style of life, all betokened him to have once moved among the elegancies and refinements of the most polished society. A person of so plausible and insinuating manners, I had never seen, though in the beginning of our acquaintance I had for him a feeling of distrust, which amounted almost to dislike. This may possibly have arisen from the fact that floating on the wings of rumor, came a vague story of a deserted wife, who broken-hearted sleeps in a self-sought grave in a distant State; but whether it had truth for its foundation none knew, and none would have dared hint or question him to whom it was attached. If a retrospective glance ever wrapt his soul in gloom, it hung no cloud upon his brow; if remorse ever gnawed, its ravages were not external, for a more smooth and smiling face and apparently a more equable temper was seldom met with.

As a matter of course, in a place so

small, the residents were all known to each other, and an arrival was noted as a subject of general interest, furnishing, as it did, either a new victim for the herpsies to prey on, or else an antagonist in their own field.

After my sojourn at G— had been of some eighteen months, duration, there appeared in our midst a man who called himself Ross, and as he made a temporary stoppage at the miserable tavern, it soon became known that he was accompanied by his wife. Each person who by accident obtained a glimpse at her was immediately filled with admiration at the extraordinary character of her beauty, and, in accordance with the unconventional habits of the place, several, when occasion permitted, spoke to her, with a view of opening an acquaintance, but were met with such freezing reserve or scornful disdain as made them shrink from a second effort.

This somewhat singular conduct excited general curiosity, of which I confess to have felt my share; but when I saw her the only wonder was that the thought of such an intrusion should ever have suggested itself to any one.

Such regal beauty as she possessed is seldom met with even in the entire space of a lifetime. In the Oriental splendor of her loveliness she looked a Zenobia, but, alas! in chains. Not saddened or downcast, though, by misfortune, but hard, haughty and defiant, as though she stared fate in the face and dared its worst.

Every movement of her stately form, every pose of her graceful limbs, even the flow of her dark, plain garments, had an undulating ease, and yet a classic severity, that repelled while it charmed, and to a person of ordinary penetration, no second glance was needed at the fierce pressure of the crimson curves of her lips, and the eager flash of the dark, lustrous, passion-lit eyes, to know that all the past that lay behind her was filled with hideous and hated remembrances. What lay in her future it came to me to know, and blasted as must have been the green glances of her glorious youth, by some lightning-stroke of fate, it could not have been more appalling than what succeeded in her tragic life.

Standing one day with Percival on the steps of the tavern, idling away a pleasant hour, as I accidentally glanced in at the door, I saw Mrs. Ross, bonneted and shawled as if for a walk, coming down the wide hall.

Having become familiar with Percival's sylvan tastes, I felt curious to know how he would be affected by the unexpected sight of such remarkable beauty, and fixed my observation on him rather than the lady.

He was leaning carelessly against the rough pillar at the top of the steps, and did not see her until she had passed at least half the width of the gallery; then, a look of wonder, of admiration and of respectful deference, chased each other rapidly across his face, and as he raised himself to an erect position, he lifted his hat from his head until she had gone by. As he turned to me with an inquiring glance, I said:

"Mrs. Ross, of whom we have heard!"

He recovered himself while I was speaking, and replied carelessly:

"A somewhat unusual vision in this place," and soon after strolled away to his business.

From that day I observed he sought the acquaintance of Ross, whom hitherto he had avoided, and when in a few weeks after, Ross announced his intention of residing permanently in our midst, and carried it into execution by taking a little house not far removed from the business part of the village, and fitting it up in such a rude way, as the stores and his apparently limited purse would permit, Percival commenced accompanying him home, and soon became his constant visitor.

As a matter of course, I knew there would be no congeniality between the two men, and just as naturally the thought arose that it was the society of Mrs. Ross Percival sought.

If any such desire prompted his course, he was too circumspect to attract general observation, and it was only at rare intervals that she was seen with her hand resting in his arm, taking an evening stroll through some of the sylvan groves that encroached upon the borders of the village, or else driving with him in his elegant buggy, then and there an article of luxury but seldom found.

Chance threw no opportunity in my way of becoming acquainted with Mrs. Ross, though unconsciously, almost, I felt a glowing interest in her, and often puzzled myself to interpret expressions of fierce defiance and wistful longing that seemed intermingled on her face. I tried to solve the feelings that animated Percival toward Ross; and notwithstanding that each day saw them meet as boon companions—notwithstanding that in the then universal habit of play I knew Percival repeatedly, in the face of his well known skill, most successfully to lose large sums to him, and yet invite him again to game, I thought I could see through all the apparent friendship, as through a timely disguise, a deep contempt and a bitter hatred.

Several months passed away without any incident in their intercourse coming to my knowledge worth narrating, until one day Percival called in at my office, and after some desultory conversation, said, somewhat hesitatingly, "I wish you had power to 'minister to a mind diseased.'"

"Thinking that perhaps he jests," I replied jocularly:

"Perhaps, in your case, treatment would be required for chronic affection of the heart."

He rose and walked the floor nervously once or twice, and then said slowly:

"It was not of myself that I spoke. I was thinking of Mrs. Ross."

and at times lies almost in a state of insensibility for many subsequent hours.—I have found her thus repeatedly. She gives me no clue to her sorrow, denies my sympathy, and refuses my aid. She is alone in the world," he said, with a tremor almost like tears in his voice.

"Alone!" I ejaculated. "Her husband—"

"A brute!" speaking more unguardedly than I had ever known him. "A brute, who holds a jewel which majesty itself might claim, and proudly boast—the rarest of its treasures."

"An ill-assorted match, apparently," I said, in a matter-of-fact manner.

"Sold to him in the day of his prosperity by a bankrupt mercenary father," he answered bitterly, through his clenched teeth. "Surely, he has fitting punishment heaped on his unnatural head, by seeing her descend, to the last round, the ladder of this man's disgrace and blasted fortune. But it is not for that I would speak. What I would ask of you is to accompany me to the house. She is shy of forming new acquaintances, and hard to approach; but possibly, as my friend, you may be able to establish a sufficient degree of intimacy to discover, unconsciously to herself, whether there is any medical treatment that might benefit her. If earth holds a remedy it shall be hers."

I hesitated how to act. It was a somewhat strange state of affairs; and after a few moments reflection, I said, quite gravely:

"Mr. Percival, do you know you are playing a dangerous game?"

He looked at me with a mixture of anger and reproach, and said quickly and with emphasis:

"I am playing no game. I am more honest, probably, than ever before in my life. I will not hesitate to confess to you that I love Mrs. Ross, but I love her without hope of return, or of ever possessing her. The law would, doubtless, free her from this man, if her many wrongs were urged; but she will never make the appeal. She says the power to do so rightfully has passed away; that she must bear all, suffer all, that he may choose to cast upon her. What it means I do not know; but whatever lies shrouded in this mystery is what is killing her by inches. Once I heard her darkly murmur that the act and time would come when she would take vengeance in her own hands; but God knows to what point her thoughts were tending. I have no repose more confidence in you than ever in man before. Will you come?"

"Yes."

CHAPTER II.

"Mrs. Ross, Mr. Percival."

A quick glance of investigation at my face, and one even more transient of reproach to Percival, preceded her acknowledgment of the introduction, the high-bred courtesy of which scarcely veiled the coldness of the welcome.

But the first step was taken. I had formed her acquaintance and obtained entrance to her house, and as often as possible, without arousing any suspicion on her part, for many succeeding weeks did I seek her presence and study her as one of the most difficult pages of the abstruse book of nature.

Sometimes I found her almost gay and joyous, as though the lightness of heart which probably originally characterized her from some unknown depth, would bubble up to life again; sometimes in a tender melancholy, as if her soul with trailing pinions mourned its wasted treasures; again in an apathy of indifference, benumbed, as it were, by the consciousness that "unknown fate" could bring nothing more than she already endured; and then fierce, defiant, combative, with a flashing light in her splendid eyes that took the wist and wicked gleam of insanity. But in whatever phase I found her, no word was ever spoken of self, and the most artful turn I could give conversation in that direction was either foiled or met with frigid silence.

An all-seeing eye alone could know all that she had to hear, but I as a visitor saw enough to understand that it was everything that a coarse, tyrannical nature, embittered by the constant use of strong drink, had power to inflict on a high-strung, refined and sensitive temperament.

Often times, though, when the dignified coldness of her manner failed a check upon him, I saw the rough oath, unheeded by her lips, the malicious ferocity disappear from her actions, and his eyes absolutely quail before the steady look of haughty warning she would fix upon him. Involuntarily the thought would rise:

"God help you, man, should you ever transgress the verge of her endurance.—Desperation could give that slender hand a grasp of steel upon a dagger's hilt if conviction came that one blow might avenge the tortures of years."

As time progressed, Ross became more and more addicted to habits of intemperance, with each Bacchanalian orgie he grew more and more ferocious, until he became the terror of the entire community.

Even public curiosity, which, from her persevering retirement had almost forgotten her existence, commenced to wonder how Mrs. Ross endured his conduct, and a silent sympathy seemed to rise in her behalf.

Percival and I gradually became conscious that she secluded herself from us, and under an exterior of calmness, I knew he was chased to madness at his lack of power to rescue her from the horrors of her situation, and would, I thought, but for the restraining influence of a solemn promise she had exacted from him, have sought with Ross a deadly quarrel.

Finally, upon the occasion of a public meeting one memorable night, Ross drank as usual to intoxication, and raved and raged about the streets with more than his usual phrenzy of conduct; insulting all, threatening all, brandishing his Bowie-knife, and ostentatiously displaying the pistols belted around his waist. In those times such sights were not unusual, and in the absence of public regulations, none esteemed it their duty to interfere

with the desperado, so that he was left to wander in unrestrained freedom. At last tired out with whooping and howling, he sought the still darkness of the home which, humble as it was, he could only defile by his presence, and as nothing more was heard of him, it was presumed he sunk into the deep sleep of drunkenness.

Next morning, which dawned a bright and sunny day of spring, while the majority of the villagers were partaking of their early breakfast, there rang out sharp and quick on the still air, two shots in rapid succession. It was not an uncommon sound, but in less than a moment, how, none could have told, the rumor spread that they had let out a human life, and in an equally incomprehensible manner, numerous footsteps turned towards Ross' house, where every one knew he lay dead.

Among the first to arrive, I found Ross fallen in a heap at the bedside as though he had staggered to it after being shot, and at the same instant saw some one pick up a pistol lying in the middle of the floor, and heard them exclaim, in surprise, "Percival's pistol, by the powers!"

A glance showed me it was one of a very fine pair I had often handled at his room, and which bore his name on a silver plate on the handle.

I felt overcome by agitation, for, knowing what I did, I did not doubt the truth of the thought which seemed to rise to all, that Percival was the murderer. Fearful of committing myself, or compromising him, I walked into the next room to endeavor to regain my composure.

The shutters were still closed, and the room in comparative shadow.

Walking a hasty turn or two, my ear caught a sobbing moan, and with quickened attention my eye became conscious of the movement of a white object crouched in the darkest corner.

To spring to it required but an instant, and then I raised in my arms a raving, gibbering maniac, the dreadful wreck of all that had once constituted a woman of the finest type.

"Dead at last," she said, with a terrible laugh that froze my blood. "Dead at last—killed, killed!" wailing her slender fingers, fantastically through the heavy locks of her black hair.

"Did you know he struck his own death signal?" she asked, quickly, with the same sharp, penetrating look which is so often seen in insanity. "Did you know he was warned?"

"Four things, you rave," I half murmured, as I gently attempted to lay her on a rude couch standing at one side of the room.

"Who said I loved Percival?" she questioned, shoving me roughly aside and struggling to rise. "Let me see—let me see," sinking her brow in the palm of her hand meditatively. "Was not my own heart, for I trampled it in the dust, if it dared but whisper as much. Some one—some one—but he's dead, he's dead—killed, killed." And that was the burden of every thought. "Do you know where he struck his death knell? Here—here!"

And tearing the white wrapper from her swan-like neck and breast, which revealed its whiteness, she disclosed a dark, purplish red spot, evidently the result of a blow.

There was the cause, but who did it, she died?

CHAPTER III.

The crowd soon overran every part of the premises, but seeing the piteous state to which Mrs. Ross was reduced, had the delicacy to vacate the room wherein I had found her, and where, after sending a messenger for female assistance, when soon arrived, I left her. The crimson glow of fever on her face, the lurid glances of her eyes, the wild gesticulations, the muttered and sometimes half-shrieked ejaculations, betokened her crazed state too well for her words to be listened to by any save as ravings of a mind where reason was dethroned, and yet to me, holding the slight clue I did, they had a fearful significance.

Conviction seemed to rest on every mind that Percival was the murderer, and the desire that he should be apprehended was only expressed. The greater part of the crowd soon left with the sheriff, who had arrived at the scene of the occurrence, to witness or assist in the arrest of the supposed criminal, had he not fled.

Contrary to general surmise, he was found at his office, pale and agitated, though, when the sheriff informed him of his mission, he manifested much surprise, and seemed on the point of remonstrating and disclaiming; but, as if influenced by some after-thought, accompanied him without a word.

As the day wore on, popular feeling rose high against Percival, and whereas if he had shot Ross down in the street, no one would have given it a thought, except to rejoice at being rid of the desperado, now they called him murderer, and seemed eager that justice should be executed on him. Those who had hitherto been loudest in praise and admiration for him, denounced him in the most compromising terms; those whose interests he had most advanced, constantly proclaimed the fact that they had always lacked confidence in him, and he who had floated on the high tide of popularity but a few hours before, found himself wrecked, and at the mercy of that fierce and fickle wind, called public opinion.

In the dusk of the evening, when I would be most unobserved, I obtained an interview with Percival, in the rough cell of the little log jail. Listening a second to the retreating step of the person who had accompanied me to the door he said quite calmly:

"Eustis, I have not done this thing."

"The pistol?" I queried.

"Is mine, certainly, but she persuaded me to give it to her, on pretence that in a hasty moment I might use it on him. I know now—hard fate—it was for her own protection."

There was an air of veracity about him which, coupled with the sight of the bruise on the breast of Mrs. Ross, and the remembrance of the vague words that one

day she might take vengeance in her own hands, compelled me to believe him. "How is she?" he questioned eagerly. "Do not ask," I replied. "I must see her once more, at least." "Would you escape were the means provided?"

"Yes, for I am innocent, but could not prove it without incriminating, or, at least, arousing suspicion in connection with her, and that I would not do for life, no, not for eternity."

"Money can do much," I replied, not thinking it necessary to tell him that in a short time she should be beyond the power of earthly tribunals.

"Use it, then, without stint." I did so. There were few men in that community who did not have their price, and perhaps the same state of affairs may exist very generally at the present time; but let that be as it may, by midnight I had so arranged that Percival was freed from his cell, with a fleet horse standing saddled, ready for his escape, concealed in a thick neighboring to Ross' house.

Having dismissed the nurse I had procured, to obtain some rest, I was alone, and prepared to give Percival admittance when I heard the signal agreed on.

Mrs. Ross, since the morning, had had repeated hemorrhages, resulting from the combined effect of the crushing blow she had received, and the wild excitement under which she had labored.

They had calmed her frenzy, and she lay in a quiescent state, looking in her rare beauty like a splendid statue, hurled from its fitting pedestal.

At the least noise, the rustle of a cloth, the creaking of a door or shutter, or even those nameless sounds that rise upon the night's silence, she would stretch her arms out pleadingly, in spite of every precaution to prevent it, for even this slight movement would cause the life-blood to froth up, and swell forth, in a small but fatal stream.

At last I heard the signal, and stealing with noiseless step to a side door, which concealed from Mrs. Ross' sight by the curtain of her bed, I gave Percival ingress. He eluded me by the shoulder, apparently to prevent himself from falling, and I felt he trembled as an aspen.

"That you should be calm, is absolutely necessary," I whispered. "The duration of her life, even for a moment, depends upon it."

In a second he released his hold on me, and with stiller tread, sought the bed-side. Here, not yet even divested of their meteor light, though devoid of reason's ray, rested vacantly on his face, without a gleam of recognition, but at the slight, unavoidable rustle of his movement, she stretched out, as usual, her white pleading arms.

To place himself in their clasp, and draw her to him, seemed on Percival's part an irresistible impulse, though I spoke to prevent it.

And so it proved, for when her head pillowed on his shoulder she drew a deep sobbing sigh, like a child who nestles its grief away in a mother's breast, and the graceful head fell back, the glorious eyes were veiled by the purple-veined lids, and breath passed away as the crimson curtains flowed for the last time. With her passed away all possibility of ever knowing with certainty, until the last great day of judgment, the deep provocation that had led to the awful deed. The Savior who pardoned the dying thieves, have mercy on her soul.

An hour went ere I called on Percival to leave, and the appeal was fruitless; another, and yet another, and finally it was with force that I drew him to the door, shoved him out, supported him to his horse, and assisted him to mount. His farewell was voiceless—nothing more than a quick, hard pressure of the hand.

His after fates told in a few words. No clue was obtained to the manner of his escape, and, once out of sight, the officers of justice made but faint endeavors to discover his whereabouts.

A few weeks after, though, there arrived at the village a man who stated himself to be Ross' brother. After remaining two or three days, he left as quietly as he had come; but he had been heard to vow that never again would he rest under shelter of a roof until his brother's death was avenged.

With the unerring keenness of a blood-hound's scent he must have tracked the supposed murderer through every turn and disguise; for in less than a month the newspapers of Natchez gave publicity to the fact that a man, on investigation, proved to be Percival, had, while standing in the brilliant light of a bar-room in that city, been shot through the window by some unknown person.

None doubted that it was Ross' brother who had sped the fatal ball, but none save myself ever knew that the worldly prosperity, good name, and life itself, of Percival, were all a sacrifice to the woman he loved—a martyrdom, it seems, that might almost have power to expiate the sins that may have stained his previous career.—N. O. Crescent.

An Arkansas candidate for Congress sets forth his qualifications for office in following language: "Gentlemen, if I am elected to Congress, I will represent my constituents—as the sea represents the earth, or the night contrasts with the day. I will unravel all human society, clean all its parts, and screw it together again. I will correct all abuses, purge out all corruption, and go through the enemies of our party like a rat through a new cheese." He was elected.

Booth the leader of the Republican party in Wisconsin, has settled one of his difficulties. It will be remembered that after the first and successful trial for the seduction of a little girl who was in the habit of remaining over night with his children, he procured the removal of the case to Dane Co., for the second trial. The Madison Argus says he has settled the matter by paying the girl \$2,000 and inducing her to leave the State. The Argus doesn't say whether or not the \$2,000 were raised by a collection among the Republican brethren throughout the country.

## Miscellaneous.

Move-nents in the South.

In various parts of the South rapid and energetic movements are making by the National Democracy to repudiate the conduct of the Disunion seceders from the Charleston Convention, and fill their places with sound and Union loving men. Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Florida, Arkansas and Texas will all send up to Baltimore new Delegates from the ranks of the sound Democracy of those States. There will be no more bolting, and the Democratic National Convention will, on its reassembling, be relieved of the annoyance which beset it at Charleston. Harmony and Unity will be the watchwords, and its work will no doubt be accepted and approved by the Democracy of every State in the Confederacy.—Statesman.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—Yes, if you would succeed in the world mind your own business; let other people's business alone; attend to your own business strictly; be prompt in business, and do your business in a business-like manner.—Many persons waste time enough in looking after the business of other persons to grow rich upon it, if properly employed. Let other men do their own work and you do yours. If you are a farmer you need friends, neighbors and helpers, and you can only have them by rendering to every man his right—doing your own business and letting others do theirs. If a merchant you must have patrons and customers, and you can only have them, by attending strictly to your business and allowing others to do the same. If a lawyer, a physician or a preacher, you can only succeed by acquiring a character by honesty, promptness and sincerity of purpose, and this you can do by minding your own business and doing justly to all men with whom you have dealings. Yes, whatever your profession or occupation may be, learn to keep your tongue in your mouth and your hands fast hold of your implements of labor—mind your own business and you will succeed.

LAST OF THE WYOMING SURVIVORS.—Mrs. John Weeden died in Columbia, Loran County, Ohio, on Friday week, aged 93 years. She was the last of the Wyoming massacre. A few of the inhabitants escaped, among whom were the family of William Martin. Mrs. Weeden's father, Mr. Weeden was twelve years old at the time, and she retained a vivid recollection of the massacre until her death. She was a prisoner with her sister in the fort, where every male was put to death by the tomahawk. The sisters left the Valley with their father and mother and little sister, and traveled with a flag of truce through the dense forest till within forty miles of the Connecticut river. There they were met by two of Mr. Martin's sons, and taken to Colchester.

WHAT A STUPID THING IS A WILD TURKEY! A man in Huntington, Pa., catches them by means of a trap or pen made of saplings, laid openly, one above the other, until some feet in height, and the whole covered by similar open work, to admit plenty of light. The pen then is raised about the height of a turkey's back.—Now, by means of corn scattered from different directions leading into the trap, the turkeys are baited into it, and enter while feeding, with their heads down. Becoming satisfied or alarmed, they raise their heads above the level of the openings for entrance and endeavor to escape thro' the space between the saplings or other materials of which the pen is composed, and thus entrap themselves to this level, are not again entraped.

As a young man was ploughing in a field near Cornwall, C. W., on the South Branch, a few miles from town, his attention was attracted by the barking of a bull terrier dog, and on looking after him, he discovered the dog engaged in a fight with an enormous eagle. Seizing a stick he ran to the assistance of the terrier, who was receiving the worst of it from the eagle. On approaching, the eagle turned upon his new adversary, and in all probability would have overcome him had not the faithful dog come to his rescue and renewed the fight. After a short scuffle between the eagle and his two adversaries, he was dispatched, and the young farmer carried his carcass home as a trophy of success. He measured nine feet from wing to wing.

How TO SECURE THE RETURNS OF LETTERS NOT CALLED FOR.—Thousands of letters misdirected or not called for at the post office, annually find their way to the dead letter office at Washington—a horrible fate which very few misguided missives ever enacted. The law, however, recently enacted, provides a way for the return of letters to their writers. It is lawful to request the postmaster at the office to which the letter is directed, to return it unless called for within thirty days, and when this request is made it becomes the duty of the postmaster to return it to the writer without expense to him. This request can be printed on the flap of an envelope, and would read as follows:

Postmaster of —

Please return to the undersigned unless called for within thirty days.

Not long since, the remains of a human head, of an enormous size, were found in a load of Peruvian guano, at Petersburg, Va. Last week, in a load of guano received at Norfolk, there was found the skeleton of a human being, which was about twice the size of that portion of the human frame to be found in those now living. This would seem to be a proof of the existence at some anterior time of a race of giants in Peru. Various bones have also been found of great size, all of which have been pronounced human.

THERE is a man in Indiana so thin that when the Sheriff is after him he crawls into his rifle and watches his adversary through the touch-hole.

## Brevities.

THIRTY-ONE CHILDREN.—About month ago, the wife of Mr. Jesse Harbor, of Concord township, presented him with his thirty-first child. Mr. Harbor is now in his seventy-third year, and the present is his third wife. Most of his children, we believe, are living and doing well. Mr. Harbor is a well-to-do farmer, and was one of the pioneer settlers of this county. That he has done his full share in the way of increasing our population, not one will be disposed to doubt. We think he is entitled to a pension, for the balance of his life, and we hope our Representatives in Congress will see to it that his case is attended to, provided there is any law under which it can be granted.—Urbana Citizen.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.—We should always make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his daily duties; maintains good order, who manifest a deep interest in the welfare of society, whose mind is intelligent, without stooping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing more distant from all sympathy from the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance, that the "well off" are apt to manifest to those a little lower down, with whom in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance.

A good joke is related of Horace Greeley, who was met on a recent excursion down East, in a promiscuous company, by a political opponent who thought to make a laugh at his expense. The Democrat shook the hand of the philosopher vigorously. Philosopher didn't know him. "Don't you remember me," suggested the other, "and you and I drank brandy and water on the plains?" "Oh-oh-yes," responded the philosopher, "I remember—you drank the brandy and I drank the water!"

BORN BRANCHES of the legislature of New York have passed a bill which abolishes capital punishment in that State, and substitutes in lieu thereof confinement in the State prison for life.—The person convicted of murder is to be considered dead to all intents and purposes as respects "matrimonial relations" and all civil and property rights. The crime of murder is not bailable in any case. The act takes effect immediately.

The official canvass of the late judicial election in Wisconsin was finished on the 4th inst. The certificate has been awarded to Luther S. Dixon, the independent and Democratic candidate. He received 58,508. A. Scott Sloan, Republican, 58,113, thus being elected by 395 votes. The returns were carefully canvassed by Secretary Harvey, Treasurer Hastings and Attorney General Howe.

As honest Dutchman, training his son in the way he should go, frequently exercised him in Bible lessons. On one of these occasions he asked him: "Who was that old man who slept with Potiphar's wife?" "Joseph!" Dat is a good boy. Well, vat was de reason he would not sleep mit her?" "Don't know—sposse he wasn't sleepy."

"My dear," inquired a young wife of her husband, as she reached, up her little mouth to be kissed on his return home from business, "have you seen the magnificent set of walnut furniture which the Jenkins have just bought?" "Hem, no, my love, but I have seen the bill, which quite satisfies me."